

My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Humph.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
Bewfords fire eies shewes his enuious mind,  
Buckingham's prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:  
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:

And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inow,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The proverb no doubt will be well performde,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke* Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,  
As if that shee with ignominious wrong,  
Had subornd or hyred some to sweare against his life?

*Queene* Yea but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,  
Behrew the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Buck.* Heele wrest the sence, and keep vs here al day,  
My Lord of Wincheſter, see him sent away.

*Card.* Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure within my house.

*Humph.* O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepherd from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.  
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

*Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.*

*King* My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best,  
Do

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were here.

*Queene* What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

*King* Yea Margaret, my heart is killed with griefe,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

*exit King, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*Queene* Then sit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,  
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset,  
Let vs consult of prowd duke Humphries fall,  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For safetie of our King and common wealth.

*Suffolke* And so thinke I madame, for as you know,  
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,  
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,  
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
The foxe barks not when he would steale the lamb,  
But if we take him ere he do the deede,  
We should not question, if that he should liue,  
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,  
Lest that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Card.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

*Yorke* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suff.* Let that be my lord Cardinalls charge and mine.

*Card.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Queene* How now sirra, what newes?

*Messen.* Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,  
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontroll'd,  
Do plant themselues within the English pale,  
And burne and spoile the Country as they go.

*Queen* What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?

*Yorke* I were very good, that my Lord of Somerset  
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

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